

JHE VOICE

MARCH

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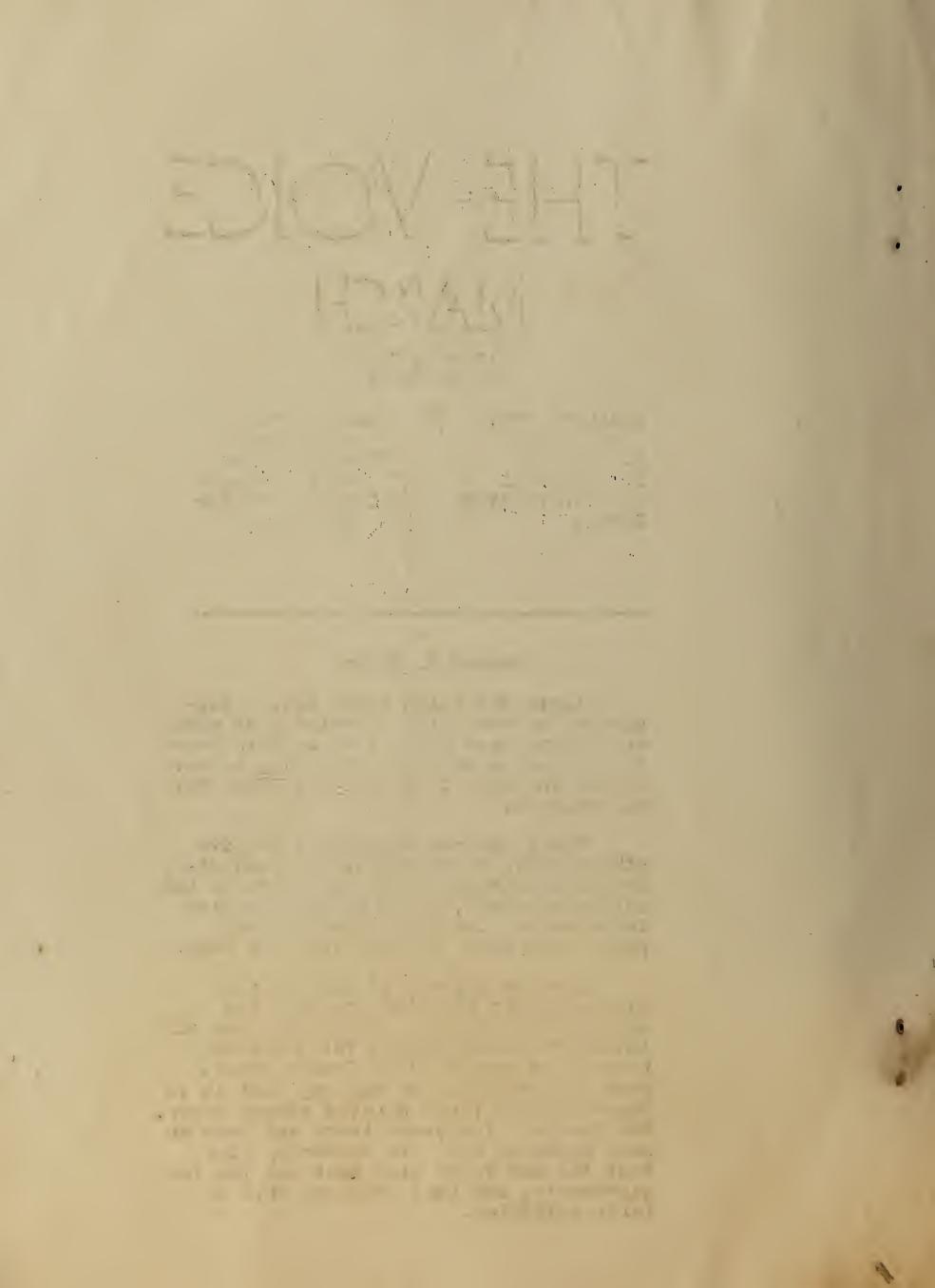
News Editor
R. Crocker
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R. Eurlingame
Literary Editor
L. Taylor

Edmund H. Brown

Again the Voice comes out, a bigger and better Voice, a Voice with more vim, vigor, and life, a Voice with better reading material, and with a better object in view, to please not some, but all readers.

Under the new management we have not only the conventional news and attempts at literature by the students and editornal staff, but also many special features as, the sports page, stamp page, club news poetry, and joke page.

mimeographed, but with the help and cooperation of the student body, and all interested townspecpie, the Voice may later turn out in style from a press. When this happens, we may say that it is Sharon High's first printed school paper. For the past few years there has been no real paper at all. We sincerely hope that the new Voice will meet all the requirements, and that everyone will be fully satisfied.



Clever, These Chinese

L. Taylor

It is so unfortunate that the scheme of one's character is left to Fate alone, and man has no voice in creation of his mind. Madness might become its brother, Genius, a nd a benefit to civilization, yet we are as we are made and who can change us?

China has ever been a land of mystery unsolved, but here is one which to you I now impart as a theory to a long-standing mystery of the northern country. It was in Northern Manchuria, just south of the Siberian border, where the old Russian castle was located. For many years it had stood barren and vacant with its narrow windows squinting at the outside world, but now it stood only barren, for a Russian scientist, exiled to Siberia, had escaped across the border and taken up residence in the castle where he could work at his art, undisturbed. For his servant, he has one Chinese, bought by some English traders, who happened up in that vicinity once or twice a year, bringing to the ignorant mountain dwellers a faint taste of civilization in return for information concerning the roving tribes of bandits, often valuable as slaves.

Little was known about the Russian, for he was rarely in a good enough humor to speak to the traders, at which times he would send his servant to get rid of them, which was not hard for he was of such an appearance as to startle even the strangest heart into what might be termed fear, and like his master he too was seldom of a good humor.

The day was a blistery one in January, and the wind howled around the castle walls, making erie cries as it rounded the cornices and whistled down the tall chimney. The Russian was occupied in the old reception hall, unrecognizable now, as it was transformed into a labratory. At one end of the room roared a fire, reflecting its dancing light in the bottles and flasks arranged on a bench before which he sat, his head burried in his hands, and his red mat of hair seemingly alive in the firelight. One might have

thought him a statue, for he sat so still, that only the measured rising and falling of his chest told him to be human. His slave entered at a slow shuffling pace, and threw some logs on the fire, sending a shower of sparks up the chimney and out onto the hearth. The Russian started, and seizing a flask threw it at the slave with a terrible oath for disturbing his meditation. The slave, with hardly a look of concern, stooped, and the bottle smashed on the wall sending a dark fluid into the fire, where it burned for a moment with a blinding white flame, -- again he sank into his reverie.

As I have mentioned, this castle was in the mountains overlooking a deep valley, at the bottom of which wound the river used by the traders.

Why anyone built there is quite unknown, as well as the date, but now as the awkward flat bottomed boat moved up the river, the castle loomed up around the turn, to the English men; as a grey smudge on the blanket of snow that surrounded it--distant and cold.

Glass in hand, one squinted at the castde, lowered it, deliberately spat over the rail, and remarked to his companion. "Well he's there Barney. There's smoke coming from the chimney."

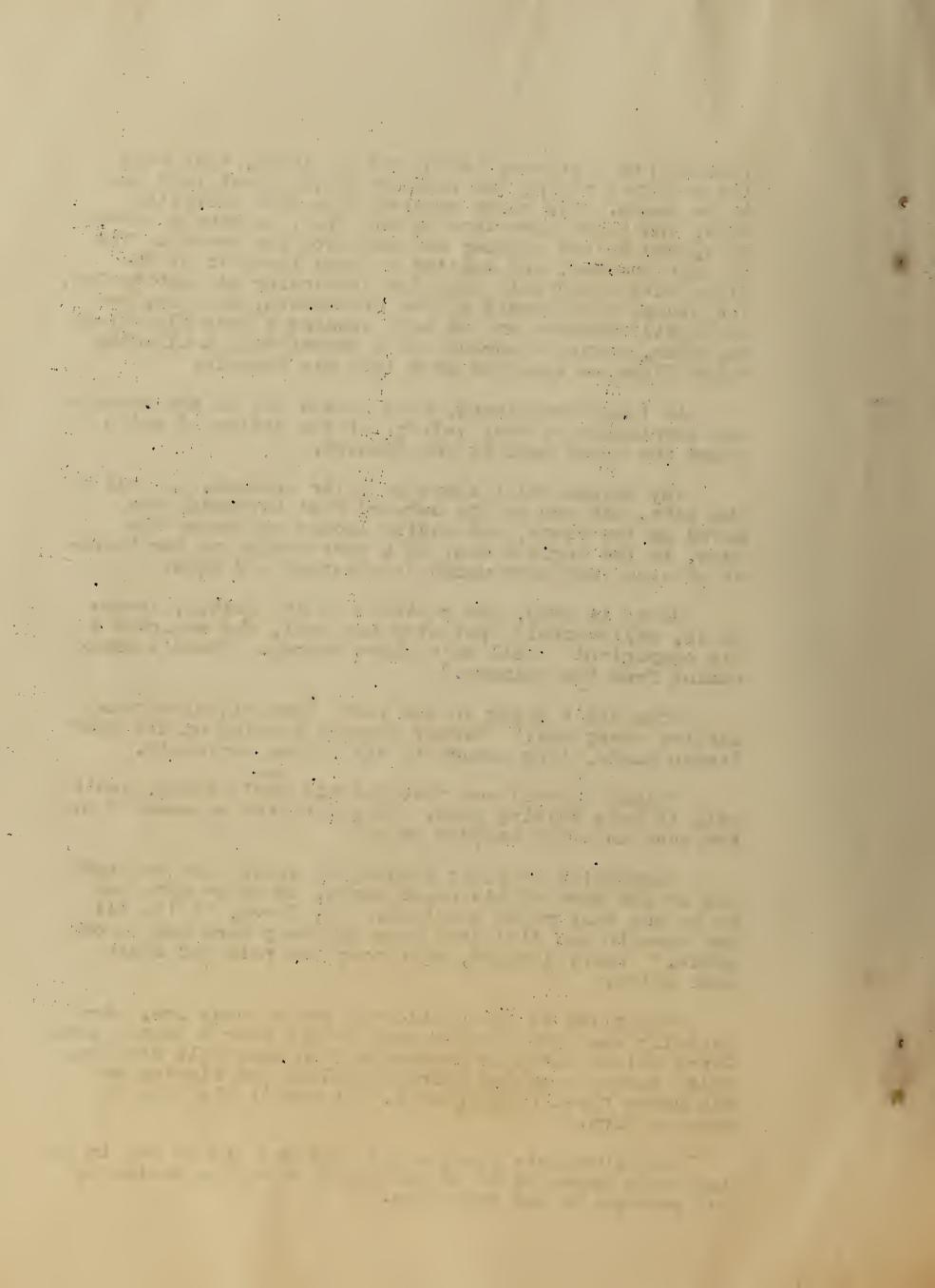
"You ain't going up are you? That old bird gets daffier every day." Barney stopped blowing on his half frozen hands, long enough to ask rather anxiously.

"Might as well see what the old boy's doing, can't tell if he's felling good. He might give us some of his treasure he's got hoarded away."

"Supposing he ain't feeling so good, then he might use us for some of his experiments, where he cuts you up to see what makes you tick. No, Jerry, if its all the same to you I'll stay here and keep warm and in one piece." Jerry laughed, spat over the rail and again went below.

The climb to the castle was not an easy one, especially when snow lay in deep drifts over a narrow path.
Jerry walked ahead on snowshoes with long full strides,
while Barney stumbled along grumbling and blowing on
his hands through his gloves. It wasn't his idea to
come up here.

The Russian's passion had subsided and he was in an agreeable humor as he opened the door to his visitors, but perhaps he had some plan.



"Hello Red, has the winter been pretty hard?"
Jerry was cheerful at finding his host so friendly and hastened to reassure his pessimistic friend by looks and nods.

"Don't bother to warm yourselves by the fire, you have your whole lives to do that, but how long have you to see my invention--one that will revoltionize the world and bring it under my power." The scientist urged, drawing Jerry across the room toward his labratory.

"What's the old fool been up to now?" muttered Barney, crawling from his place almost in the very fire-place to follow his companion.

"Years and years of labor have been necessary to complete it, but at last it is done and now I shall be master of the world-the universe-and you may be my assistant even if you are an ignorant cockney I shall teach you things men never have dreamed of before." He paused to laugh as he contemplated his power. "Do you see this machine here on the bench? It looks like a toy cannon, doesn't it? Well in a way it is, but oh so much greater things can be accomplished by it, than with a mere cannon. Do you see that model of a ship on that further table, well now watch closely and see what happens."

"First I'll blow out the lights--it's so much more affective with the lights off."

They were suddenly left in darkness, and the fire-light from the other room cast an uncanny light on the battleship, making it look real. The Russian moved toward the machine and adjusted several tiny levers. then with an exclamation in his native language, he pulled one. A flash of flame lept across the room and the boat was gone with a puffof smoke. The Russian burst into a roar of laughter at their amazement, but stopped as suddenly as he had begun and said, "Do you fools know why I showed this invention to you? No? Well because you're going to help me conquer the world with it, Understand? Now that this small one is successful I will build a large one, one large enough to destroy a whole city, and you will help me by taking it down the river on your barge. Think! We can sail right into Canton and demand the surrender of the city, and when they come running out with their little machine-guns and harmless bombs, we'll turn on the ray and watch the smoke drift away." the ray and watch the smoke drift away.

Again he laughed and Jerry echoed him in a sickly tone, while Barney shuddered and closed his eyes.

The scientist continued, "Now that I have this one completed, it will be but a short time before I will have a larger one, perhaps by ment January. We may begin our conquest of China and before many more January's we will be masters of the world. Now get out both of you, for I must begin work and must not be too bored by you blithering idiots."

"Sure we'll help you Red. Maybe you've got something here," exclaimed Jerry, backing out the door into the snow.

Left alone with his dreams of conquest and his deadly weapon, the Scientist smiled wickedly to himself and set about his long task while his stoical slave moved noislessly in the background.

Spring smiled on the castle; the warm sun of summer beat upon the grey walls; autumn's brush painted colors upon the ivy that clang to them and finally as the first flurries of snew whirled around the turnets and once again fires crackled on the hearth, a triumphant cry was raised from the labratory, and the scientist rushed out and grasping his slave by the queue, he dragged him into the room.

"This is the biggest event of your monotonous life, or the biggest event that could possibly happen in anyone's life. Think now, if it is possible. Think what you shall see."

Gesturing madly, he directed the slaves gaze toward the finished product. It was much like a small cannon, standing about three feet from the floor with a long barrel and several indicators and levers at its base.

When these two fools return, I will domenstrate it to you for I do not wish to waste its powers before your eyes, not that theirs are much better, but they fit into every plan and will be useful until I get settled at the head of the government of China. But see, my friend, by pulling this lever it would take the whole side wall of this eastle at a single blast, reducing it to protons and electrons, but what do you know of such things? Get back to your scullery before I make short work of you!"

The slave scuttled out without the slightest sign of comprehension of his weasled face. However, the weapon had not been entirely lost on him, and the shiny

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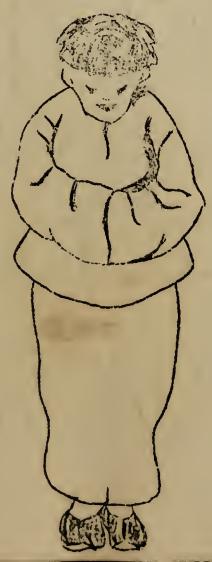
chromium had attracted his eye,

For the first time in many weeks, the Russian tore himself away from his brain child to feast in another room, and as a celebration, his guant figure sprawled in a chair and a contented, musing smile on his face.

The slave entemed the laboratory and approaching the machine, stroked its smooth surfaces with a kind of gleam in his eyo. So intent was he at looking at the tiny dials, that he did not hear his master's catlike approach. The masing smile on the scientist's face was replaced by one of eval. His black eyes snapped fiery species, sacringly. He scized the ussuspecting Chinose by his hair and would have term it out by the roots, but for an untimely accident. In his fright, the slave grabbed at the nearest thing, and his hand fell upon the fatal lever. He pulled, and a blinding white flame lops from the mouth of the gun, destroying the whole wall of the castle, and sending it up in smeke.

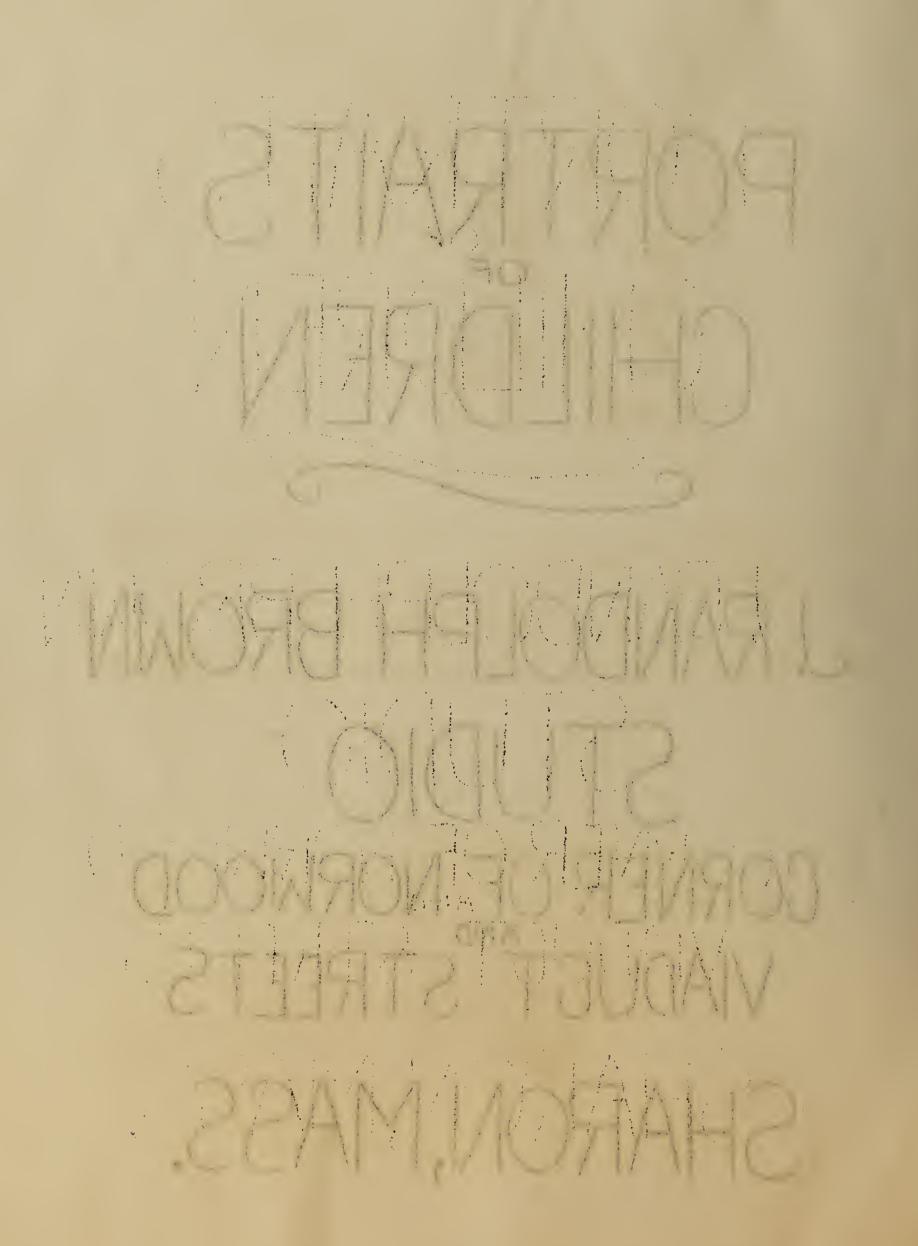
The Russian turned to flee, but to late, the whole opposite side was falling in upon them. There came a deafening roar, and what once was a spacious castle was left a mound of ruins with the Russian, and his invention, and the slave buried under its debris.

The snow fell steadily covering the remains under a deadening blanket of white, while around the bend in the river came the trader's beat to carry the Russian to his conquest of the world.



PORTRAITS

J. RANDOLPH BROWN
STUDIO
CORNER OF NORWOOD
VIADUCT STREETS
SHARON, MASS.





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SALES AND SERVICE

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Song of Robin Hood

Edmund H. Brown

Some men talk of the open sea and some of the open road,

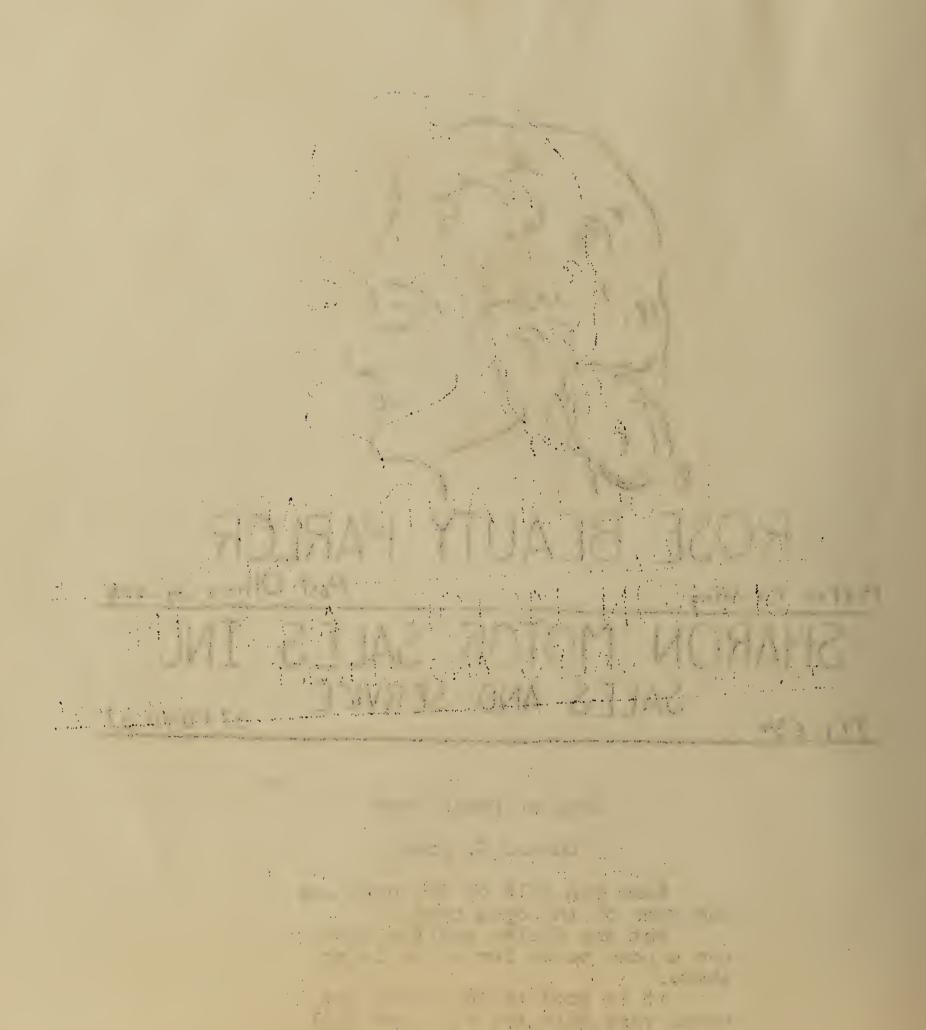
But the fields and the woods are a home to me for there is my abode.

It is good to be that on the ocean vast with the rise and fall of the waves,

And the road is a thing which is not to be passed by the man who of traveling raves,

But it's better by far where the wild folk are where man can be free and alone.

It's a wild place, but a free place and the best one that I've ever known.



SPORT NUWS

R. Burlingame.

The Sharon High School has had a very successful basket ball team thus far in the season, which is rapidly nearing its end. A few of the recent games have been with Randolph, Northeaston, and Holbrook.

The Randolph game was a kind of nightmare. Certainly our boys had been running rings around those of the Randolph team in the first half, the score stood Sharon 25, Randolph 7. In the second half, however, Sharon was confronted with a very different situation. Randolph completed three or four long shots. Thus inspired the boys quickly got into the swing of the thing and the boys from Sharon hardly saw the ball during the second half. When they did see it, the score stood Randolph 40, Sharon 32.

The Northeasten game played last Friday night was locked upon as a great game by many people. They were especially interested since the trouble we had over there. At least we wanted to win again if possible. And we did. A large crowd turned out for what was probably the best game of the year.

The Sharon players put their best, into every minute of the game. If Krege had drepped a few of those long ones, as he did at Northeaston, I think the game would have been theirs. The final score stood Sharon 24, Northeaston 21

Tuesday night, one side of the bus was filled with girls, the other side with boys, all going to holbrook. Here we have two games to be proud of; The first five were assisted by Morgan, Coloneri, and Flamand. The final score of the boy's game was Sharon 52, Holbrook 14. The girls played the same kind of ball with their final score 51 to Holbrook's 19.

And now, just a word about the boy's second team. They deserve fully as much credit as the first team and have a better record. As yet they are undefeated, and we certainly hope they will remain so. Now, if Mr. Clark isn't listening, I'll let you in on a little secret. The second team has beaten the first more than once in practice. Any second team that can do that has done something—especially as we think we have a pretty good first team. The second team still has two games to go. All we can add is, "More power to you, boys."

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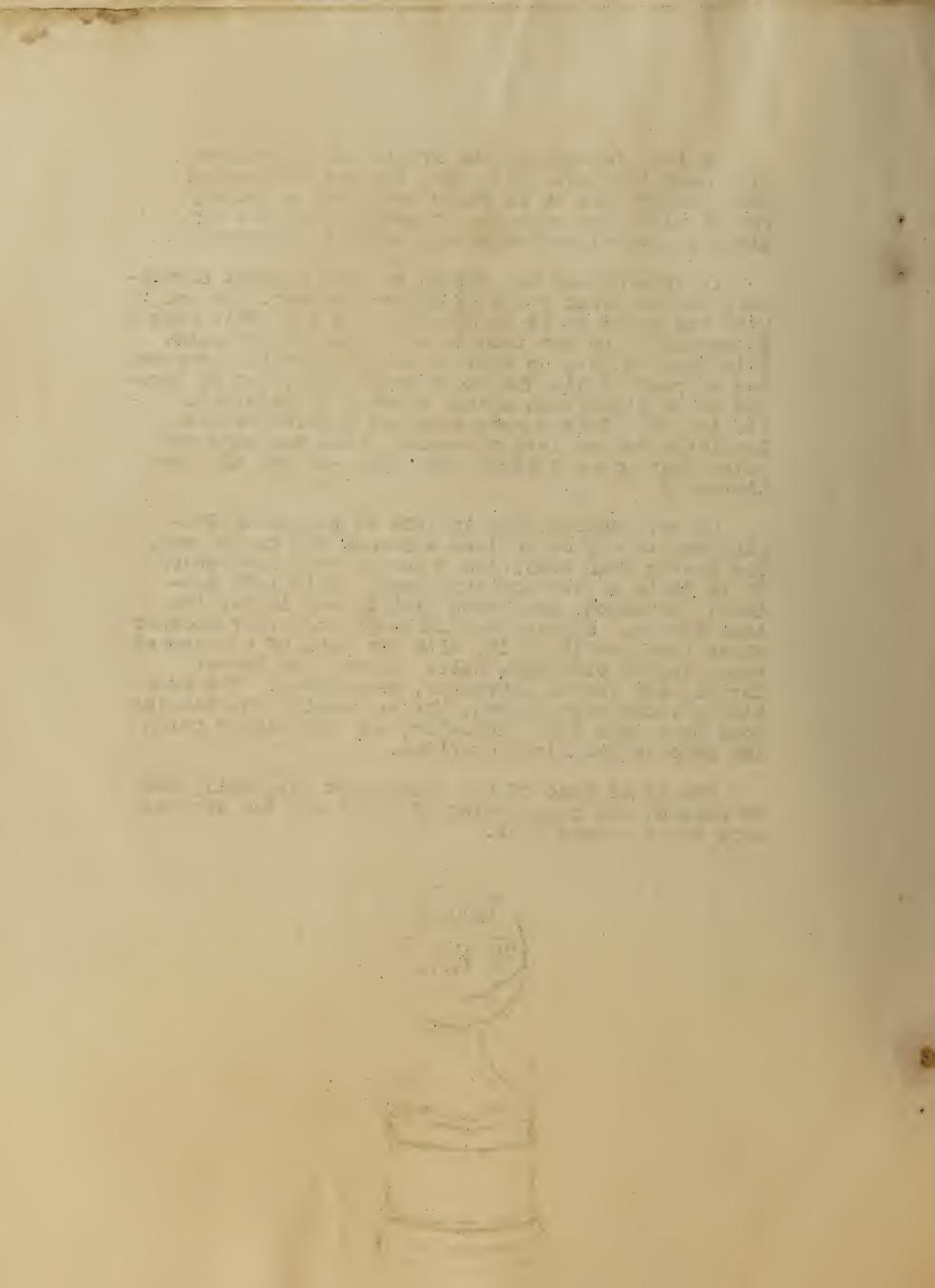
We look forward to the Framingham tournament with much interest this year, for the Framingham News Trophy will be at stake again and a victory for us will mean permanent possession of the cup, since it has already been wen twice in succession.

In 1935 Sharon was chosen to play against Shrewsbury in the first round of the tournament. We wen, with the score of 37 to Shrewsbury's 27. This made it possible for our team to enter the semi-finals. This time we were up against tough opposition for we had to play Hillis who had a spart team, but we managed to be victorious again, scoring 36 points to Hillis' 28. Thus Sharon remained undefeated with Hopkinton as our last opponent. When the boys got going they wen a fairly easy game--Sharon 42, Hopkinton 15.

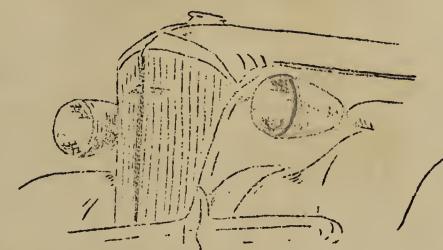
We were called upon in 1936 to return to Francingham, to win or to less a second leg on the cup. The Sharon team qualified, winning over Shrewsbury 27 to 22 in a very exciting same. This left Ashland, Hopkinton, and Upton with Sharon in for the semi-finals. Sharen drew Ashland; and after another close game won 19 to 17, with two boys of the second team playing excellent ball. These were Robert Morgan, and Joseph Eldracher, sophomores. Two overtime periods were played, Horgan tessing the winning goal on a pass from Eldracher, and the latter tying the game in the first overtime.

The final game of the tournament was easily won by Sharen, the score being 48 to 21 and the cup was ours for a second year.





TAYLOR'S GARAGE



CHEVROLE TAMP OLDSMOBILE SALES AND SERVICE SO, MAIN ST. SHARON, MASS.

Attention, good news! The Juniors are going to have a prom.

The exact date has not yet been decided upon, but it will be sometime in the early part of May.

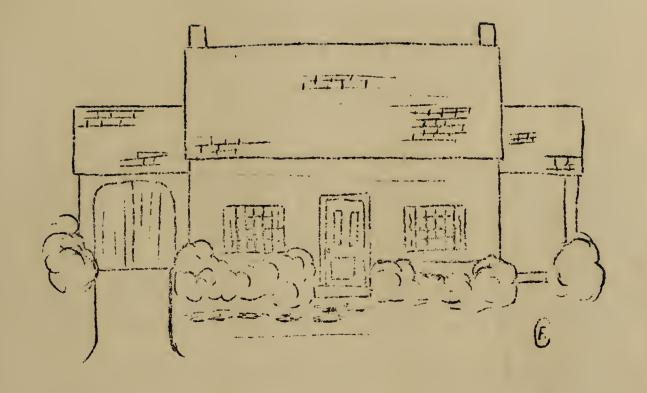
Committees have already been chosen and are now hard at work completing plans for what promises to be a gala occasion.

At present business negotiations are going on with several orchestras. Of course which ever one is selected, you can be assured of good music.

Don't forget the refreshments. Expert gastronomists will prepare an ample supply of good things to eat and drink.

If you don't dance or don't care to dance, come any way. There will be plenty of others in the same boat and we'll see that you get some of our delicious refreshments.

So don't forget, start now and save your nickels and dimes for The night, and The dance where the music will be good and the "eats" palatable.

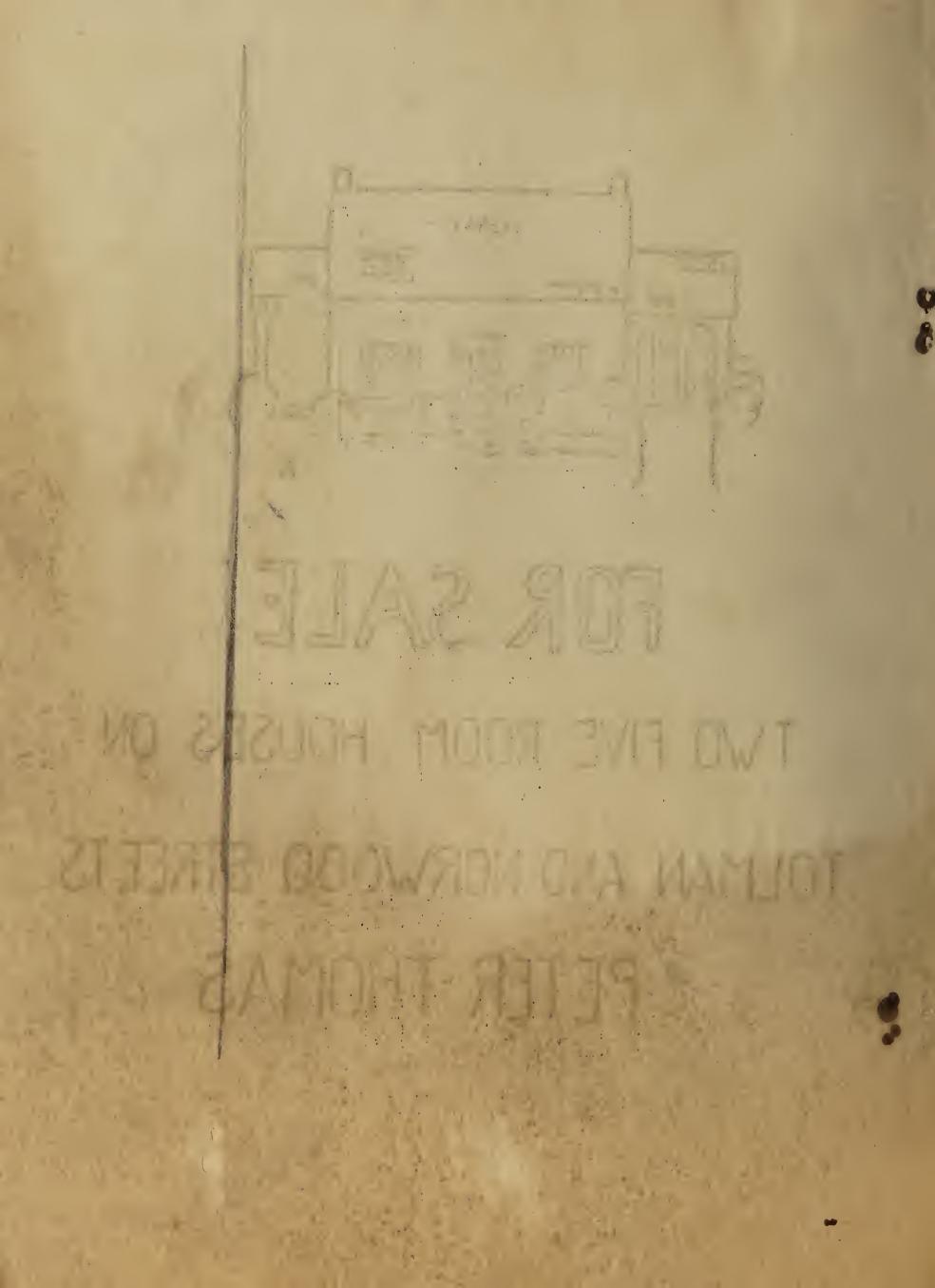


FOR SALE

TWO FIVE ROOM HOUSES ON

TOLMAN AND NORWOOD STREETS

PETER THOMAS



THE WRECK OF THE SWALLOW

Edmond II. Brown

The sea had greatly changed when Jack Curtis, who had shipped aboard the full-rigged ship, Swallow, at Sydney, rolled from his bunk. In fact, there had been a complete reversal in the weather. The day before had been one of roaring winds and towering seas, breaking on the groaning decks, but now the sun, from an otherwise empty sky, shone upon the blue sea where, like her namesake, skimmed the Swallow, showing her heels to a heavy-loaded brig which was not of such speedy build.

The Swallow had come through yesterday's hurricane with no more than a tattered maintepgallant-sail, and already another was being bent on under the direction of the mate. On seeing Jack, he notioned him to join a group, busily hauling out the skysails. Evidently they were to take full advantage of the fair winds.

"Why not sleep 'till ten o'clock and have breakfast served in bed?" said one of the men jokingly.

"If it was'nt that the skipper's still sulking over his breakfast, he'd have you up long ago, broken head or not," observed another.

"No, it's the captain's favorites who go places."

"Oh, leave him alone, Skippy," said the first, and with that, the four of them began clambering up the shrouds. Up, up they went past the maintop and the maintepmast-head. Suddenly, the shrouds ended. They had reached the mainroyalmast, they must climb the rest of the way without ladders, yet up, still up they went. At last they reached the skysail-yard, further they could not go, and started out on the frail ratlines, uncertain and unsteady, as the masts swayed back and forth. With each slight roll of the ship below completing an arc of at least forty degrees.

At last, the flapping canvas safely bound, the other three began their tedious descent, but Jack remained to watch the blue sea foam around the fleet ship's prow. From there she seemed like a tiny model sailed by some breathless youngster on Red pond*

However, on seeing the captain come out at last on the after deck, he started down. But, instead of the slow climb on the shrouds, he chose a quicker descent, sliding swiftly down the royal-backstays. And, though his legs and hands burned from the rough rope, the captain had not seen him lagging.

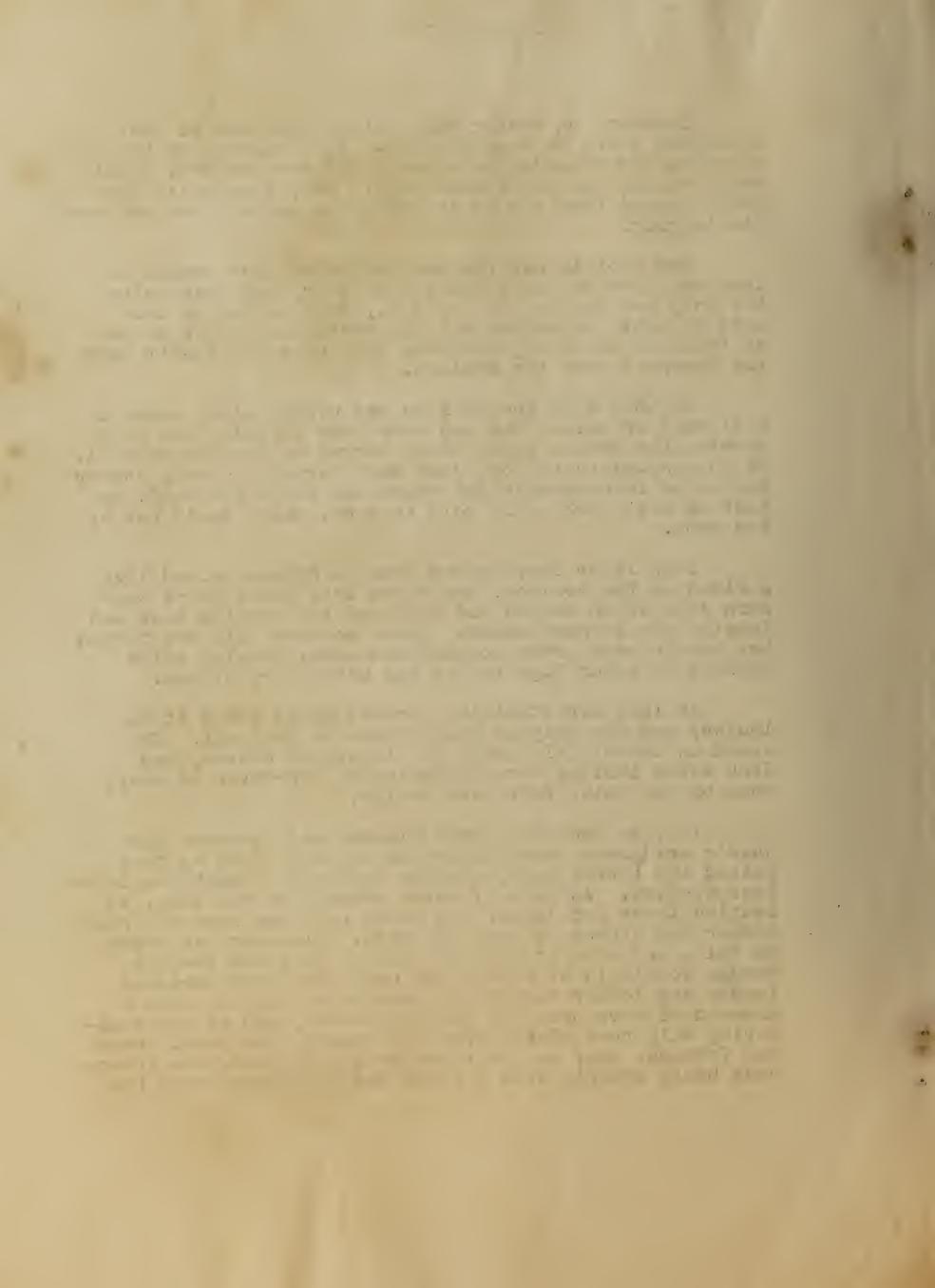
The captain was the one for which Jack needed to look out, for he was a herny old-timer, and Jack being the only man who was not an A.B., well versed in the ways of sail, he vented all his wrath on him for he had no faith in the young upstarts who, he said, didn't know the bowsprit from the keelson.

By this time the Swallow was racing along under a full head of sail. The men were busy sluiding and holystoning the decks, while Sails worked on the frayed sail. At the captain's bellow, Jack went forward to chip anchor chain, an interminable job which was never finished, so that he must work until told to stop, which would not be too soon.

Days later they passed Juan Ferdinand Island like a cloud on the horizon, and raced into their first Cape Horn seas which tossed and buffeted the Swallow back and fourth like a shuttlecock. Under so much sail she buried her bow in each green mountainous wave, tossing white geysers of water high in the air with every plunge.

At last her straining timbers could stand it no longer, and the skipper gave orders to fullsail. She eased up immediately under the lightened canvas, and Jack whose insides were beginning to turn over at every toss of the ship, felt much casier.

Yet, as the skies grew blacker and blacker, the Cape's cold seas grew higher and higher. Just as they passed the stormy cape, another hurricane struck the luckless Swallow. As tons of water cracked on the ship, it settled lower and lower, and after each new wave she rose slower and slower to meet the next. Disaster was ready to fall, and scon it did, but not as they had thought, though seemingly as bad in the end. The wind shrieked louder and louder through the remaining rigging when a tremendous wave broke on the after-deck, and as the shuddering ship rose slowly from its impact, the crew, cowering forward, saw, to their horror and despair, the after-deck house crumple with a crack and go sliding over the



side, carrying both captain and mates, leaders and navigators into the cold sea without a chance of rescue.

"We're done for good, now," groaned one of the men.

"But, we've got to clear the wrickage and make for the nearest port," said Jack.

"Yes?" returned the other, "and who will navigate is there? The captain's gone. The mates are gone, and there's not another one on board who's even had a sextant in his hands before."

Two months later, the few survivors of that terrible storm, Jack among them, saw land for the first time. For week after week they had sailed on under the hot sun whither they know not where.

But, dame (mis-) Fortune had not done with them yet. As they made for the shore, now only a few hundred yards away, Jack heard a crash, and, as the Swallow settled hard beneath him, yelled to the men, "Jump, she's sinking!" and with that dived overboard to swim for the nearby shore, followed by the others, some swimming, and others paddling ashore while keeping themselves afloat on bits of wreckage.

When, at last, all had made this strange shore, they counted themselves and found none missing.

Yet now what were they to do? Had they hit an island, or had they sailed up the coast of South America before they struck? It would be more probable that they had been blown clear across the south Atlantic, and were somewhere on the coast of Africa.

Where, indeed, were they?

To be continued.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We wish to express our appreciation to those members of the Junior Class who assisted in the production of the VOICE.

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